

PLURALITY TOMMYROT.

The Oregonian in its campaign for elections by purchase and graft, brings the terrible indictment against the direct primary that it allows nominations by mere plurality! Well, that is no very new thing. All over this country we have been having plurality elections for many years. Several presidents have had not only a minority of the total vote, but two or three even did not stand high in the poll. And the government at Washington still lives.

But the plurality nominations defect, if it is a defect, can be easily remedied. The Washington plan of voting for second and third choices where there are three or more candidates, gives a perfectly just method of arriving at the wishes of the electorate. It is similar but better than the way a convention nominates when no majority choice appears in the early balloting. Delegates whose candidates chances are hopeless go to their second choice. That is the way it is supposed to work, but the fact is money, graft, political favor and other chicanery influence the second choice of convention delegates, and often the first choice, until conventions have become a stench in all decent men's nostrils.

And that is the system the Oregonian is fighting tooth and toenail to re-establish.

CAMPAIGNING FOR CHRIST.

Every honest, earnest effort to make men feel their personal responsibility to God, and to lead better lives, should be commended and encouraged. Good comes from such efforts even when accompanied by the theatrical furnishings of the Billy Sunday or Gypsy Smith meetings. The slangy sermons of a Sunday or Sam Jones are repellent to many people, but those people can stay away and there remain thousands and tens of thousands who are attracted by the "plain speaking," and are convicted of their sins by such men when the milder, conventional preaching never feazes them. It seems the general testimony of the towns in Iowa and Illinois, where Sunday has worked for several years, that the moral tone of the communities is changed for the better, and there is an uplift in all good work because of his visits.

The success of Sunday, Smith and their like, does not however alter the fact that evangelistic campaigns conducted on what may be termed rational lines, are more effective and more thorough. It is impossible of course to be a successful evangelist without appealing to the emotions. Christianity is not a purely intellectual process. The Father's love cannot be demonstrated by rule of three. The heart must be touched, the memory stirred and man's better nature aroused. But the use of the spectacular is not necessary to do this, with most men.

Dr. Pratt, who is conducting the meetings in this city, is preaching the plain gospel of Christ and has met with great success elsewhere and doubtless will here. If the great Bible truths and God's love do not effect conviction and repentance there is an indifference beyond the ordinary; one that it would take a Sunday to overcome.

The high price of hogs is causing an unprecedented rush of porkers to market, not only in the Northwest but all over the country, and it is predicted that there will be a great scarcity of hogs next year and consequently a continuation of the high prices. This sounds reasonable and it would be wise to raise as many hogs in this county next year as possible. Wallowa county cannot be beat for good porkers.

Kills Her Foe of 20 Years.

"The most merciless enemy I had for 20 years," declares Mrs. James Duncan, of Haynesville, Me., "was Dyspepsia. I suffered intensely after eating or drinking and could scarcely sleep. After many remedies had failed and several doctors gave me up, I tried Electric Bitters, which cured me completely. Now I can eat anything. I am 70 years old and am overjoyed to get my health and strength back again." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Kidney Trouble, Lame Back, Female Complaints, etc. unequalled. Only 50c at Burnaugh & Mayfield's.

The Conquest of the Pole

By Dr. FREDERICK A. COOK

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Explorer's Own Account of His Journey to the Goal - Hunting Adventures Among the Eskimos

[FIRST ARTICLE]

THE expedition was equipped at Gloucester, Mass. All was ready on the evening of July 3, 1907. Ashore boys were testing their fireworks for the morrow of celebration, but aboard, as our vessel, the John R. Bradley, withdrew from the pier, all was quiet. There were no visiting crowds of curiosity seekers. No tooting whistles signaled our departure.

An arctic expedition had been born without the usual public bombast. There was, indeed, no excuse for clamor. Neither the help of the government nor the contributions of private individuals had been sought. The project was quietly given life and its expenses were paid by John R. Bradley. Its destiny was shaped by the writer.

Mr. Bradley was interested in game animals of the north. I was interested in the game of the polar quest. For the time being the business concerned us only. If the venture proved successful there would be time enough to raise the banner of victory. If it failed none had the privilege of heaping upon us the unmerited abuse which usually comes to the returning polar traveler.

In a brief month all had been prepared for the peculiar mission. We had purchased a strong Gloucester fishing schooner, fitted with a motor, covered for ice and loaded down with suitable supplies for a prolonged period.

One morning the bold cliffs of Cape York were dimly outlined in the gray mist which screened the land. A storm had carried so much ice against the coast that a near approach was impossible, and continued winds kept up a sea which made it equally a difficulty to land on the ice.

In Ice Free Polar Waters.

Though anxious to meet the natives at Cape York, we were forced to turn and set a course for the next village, at North Star bay. At noon the sooty clouds separated, and in the north through the narrow breaks we saw the steep slopes and warm color of crimson cliffs resting on the rising water.

Darting through the air were countless gullenots, gulls, little auks and elder ducks. We were in the ice free north waters, where creatures of the sea find a marine oasis in midst of a polar desert.

This kind of coast extends poleward to the land's end. It is the abundant sea life which makes human habitation just possible here, though land animals are also important.

The people of the farthest north are crowded into a natural reservation by the arctic ice wall of Melville bay in the south and the stupendous line of cliffs of Humboldt glacier in the north.

Home of the Eskimos.

Widely scattered in small villages, the northernmost Eskimo finds here a good living. A narrow band of rocky land between the land ice and the sea offers grasses upon which feed ptarmigan, hare and caribou.

Numerous cliffs and islands afford a resting place in summer for myriads of marine birds that seek the small life of the icy waters. Blue and white foxes wander everywhere. Seal, walrus, narwhal and white whale sport in the summer sun, while the bear, king of the polar wilds, roams over the sea at all times.

The yacht dodged the icebergs and dangerous rocks in the fog about Cape Athol, then turned eastward to cross Wolstenholme sound.

As we neared Table mountain, which guards North Star bay, many natives came out in kayaks to meet us. Some were recognized as old friends. There was Myah, one of many wives; Oobloiah, who had executed Angoogibash, styled the villain by Gibson at Redcliffe House, and Pincoots, husband of the queen, in whose family are to be found the only hybrid children of the tribe.

Later, Knud Rasmussen, a Danish writer, living as a native among the people, came aboard. With him we got better acquainted during the winter.

Late at night a visit was made to the town of Oomanooh. There were seven triangular seal-skin tents, conveniently placed on picturesque rocks. Gathered about these in large numbers were men, women and children, shivering in the midnight chill.

They were odd looking specimens of humanity. In height the men averaged but five feet two inches and the women four feet ten inches. All had broad, fat faces, heavy trunks and well rounded limbs. Their skin was slightly bronzed. Men and women had coal black hair and brown eyes. The nose was short, and the hands and feet were short, but thick.

There was not much news to exchange. After we had gone over the list of marriages and deaths the luck of the chase became the topic of conversation.

It was a period of monogamy. Myah had exchanged a plurality of wives for a larger team of dogs, and there was but one other man in the tribe with two wives.

Women were rather scarce. Several marriageable men were forced to forego the advantages of married life be-

cause there were not enough wives for all. By mutual agreement several men had exchanged wives. In other cases women had chosen other partners, and the changes were made seemingly to the advantage of all, for no regrets were expressed.

There was an average of three fat, clever children for each family, the youngest, as a rule, resting in a pocket on the mother's back.

Dwellings of the Eskimos.

The tent had a raised platform upon which all slept. The edge of this made a seat, and on each side were placed stone lamps, in which blubber was burned, with moss as a wick. Over this was a drying rack, and there was other furniture.

On board the yacht there had been busy days of barter. Furs and ivory had been gathered in heaps in exchange for guns, knives and needles. Every seaman from cabin boy to captain had suddenly got rich in the gamble of trade for prized blue fox skins and narwhal tusks.

The Eskimos were equally elated with their end of the bargain. For a beautiful foxskin of less use to a native than a dog pelt he has secured a pocket knife that would serve him half a lifetime.

A woman had exchanged her fur pants, worth a hundred dollars, for a red pocket handkerchief, with which she would decorate her head and wig for years to come.

The midnight tide lifted the yacht on an even keel from her makeshift drydock on the beach, and she was pulled



DR. FREDERICK A. COOK.

out into the bay and anchored for a few hours. Oomanooh was but one of six villages in which the tribe had divided its 250 people for the current season.

To study the people, to further encourage the game of barter and to enjoy the rare sport of yachting and hunting in man's northernmost haunts we prepared to visit as many villages as possible.

In the morning the anchor was raised, and the yacht set sail to a light wind headed for more northern villages.

Ducks were secured in abundance. Seals were given chase, but they were able to escape our craft. Nearing Saunders island a herd of walrus was seen on a pan of drift ice far ahead of the yacht.

Two with splendid tusks were obtained, and two tons of meat blubber was turned over to our Eskimo allies.

An Eskimo Widow's Story.

Among the Eskimo passengers pacing the deck was a widow, who, in tears, told us the story of her life—a story which offered a peep into the comedy and tragedy of Eskimo existence. She had arranged a den under a shelter of seal-skins among the anchor chains. We had offered her a large bed, with straw in it, and a place between decks as a better nest for her brood of youngsters, but she refused, saying she preferred the open air on deck.

She had come from American shores, and as a foreign belle, her hand was sought early. At thirteen Ikwa introduced her to a wedded life not strewn with blubber. He was cruel and not always truthful.

Two girls graced their home. One was now married. When the youngest was out of her hood, Ikwa took the children and invited her to leave, saying that he had taken to wife Ahtah, a plump maid and a good seamstress.

Manee had neither advantage, but she knew something of human nature, and soon found another husband, a good deal older, but better than the first. Their life was a hard one, for Nordingwah was not a good hunter, but their home was peaceable, quiet and happy. Two children enlivened it. Both were at her side on the yacht, a boy of eight, the only deaf

and dumb Eskimo in all the land, and a thin, pale weakling of three.

Both had been condemned by the Eskimo law of the survival of the fittest, the first because of insufficient senses and the second because it was under three and still on its mother's back when the father passed away. They were not to participate in the strife of life. But an unusual mother loved them.

A few days before the previous winter the old father, anxious to provide warm bearskins for the prolonged night, had ventured alone far up into the mountains. His gun went off accidentally, and he never returned.

The executor of the brother of Manee's former husband was kind to her for the long night and kept famine from her door. In the summer day she had been able to keep herself, but who could provide for her for the night to come? Her only resource was to seek the chilled heart of her former husband, and we were performing the unpleasant mission of taking her to him as wife No. 2.

When we later saw Ikwa he did not thank us for the trouble we had taken, but we had expected no reward.

The speed of the yacht increased as the night advanced. A snow squall frosted the decks, and to escape the icy air we sought our warm berths early. At 4 o'clock in the morning the gray gloom separated and the warm sun poured forth a suitable wealth of August rays.

At this time we passed the ice battered and storm swept cliff of Cape Parry. Beyond was White sound. On a sea of gold, strewn with ice islands of ultramarine and alabaster, whales spouted and walrus shouted. The grampus was out early for a fight. Large flocks of little auks rushed over on hurried missions.

Entering Ingfield Gulf.

The wind was light, but the engines pulled us along at a pace just fast enough to allow us to enjoy the superb surroundings. In the afternoon we were well into Ingfield gulf, and near Irtiblu there was a strong head wind and enough ice about to engage the eye of the lookout.

We aimed here to secure Eskimo guides and with them seek caribou in Orlrick's bay. While the yacht was tacking for a favorable berth in the drift off Kanga the launch was lowered and we sought to interview the Eskimos of Irtiblu. There were only one woman, a few children and about a score of dogs at the place. The woman talked quickly and explained at some length that her husband and others were away on a caribou hunt and she told us without a leading question the news of the tribe for a year.

After gasping for breath like a smothered seal, she began with news of previous years and a history of the forgotten ages. We started back for the launch, and she invited herself to the pleasure of our company to the beach.

An Eskimo Trade.

We had only gone a few steps before it occurred to her that she was in need of something. Would we not give her a few boxes of matches in exchange for a narwhal tusk? We would be delighted, said Mr. Bradley, and a handful of sweets went with the bargain. Her boy brought down two ivory tusks, each eight feet in length. The two were worth \$150.

Had we a knife to spare? Yes, and a tin spoon was also given just to show that we were liberal.

The yacht was headed northward across Ingfield gulf. It is necessary for deep sea craft to give Karnah a wide berth. There were bergs enough about to hold the water down, though an occasional sea rose with a sickening thump.

The launch towed the dory, of which Manee and her children were the only occupants.

Karnah was to be her future home, and as we neared the shore we tried to locate Ikwa, but there was not a man in town. Five women, fifteen children and forty-five dogs came out to meet us. The men were on a hunting campaign, and their location was not exactly known.

Ahtahingwah, Manee's rival, a fat, unsocial creature, stood on a useful stone, where we chose to land, and did not accommodate us with footing on the same platform.

A Thrifty Eskimo Camp.

There were five seal-skin tents pitched among the bowlders of a glacial stream. An immense quantity of narwhal meat was placed on the rocks and stones to dry. Skins were stretched on the grass, and a general air of thrift was shown about the place.

Bunches of seal-skins, packages of pelts and much ivory were brought out to trade and establish friendly intercourse. We gave them sugar, tobacco and ammunition in quantities to suit their own estimate of value.

The fat woman entered her tent, and we saw no more of her during our stay, for she did not venture to trade as did the others. Manee was kindly treated by the other village folk, and a pot steeping with oily meat was soon served in her honor. We were cordially invited to partake of the faggot, but had a convenient excuse, just having finished a meal.

Would we not place ourselves at ease and stay for a day or two, as their husbands would soon return? We were forced to decline their hospitality, for without the harbor there was too much wind to keep the yacht waiting. Eskimos have no system of salutation except a greeting smile or a parting look of regret. We got both at the same time as we stepped into the launch and shouted goodby.

Aboard, the captain was told to proceed to Cape Robertson. The wind eased, a fog came over from the inland ice and blotted out the landscape down to about a thousand feet, but under this the air was clear.

(Continued next week.)

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